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S E L E C T

S A T I R E S

O F

H O R A C E,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

AND, FOR THE MOST PART, ADAPTED TO THE  
PRESENT TIMES AND MANNERS.

By ALEXANDER GEDDES.

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H O K A C E

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S E I T A S

J C E J S



**P R E F A C E.**

**N**O one, I believe, ever set up for an author, who had not a favourable idea of his own compositions, and did not deem them, in some measure, worthy of the public attention. This, at least, I candidly acknowledge to be the case with myself; or the world had never seen the following Translation. Early in life, some demon whispered me that I had a turn for poetry. I readily, perhaps too readily, believed him. I wrote—was pleased with my productions—and, now, begin to publish them, in hopes of pleasing others.

I am not, however, so arrant an author as to imagine, that there is not a possibility of my having been misled. The whisperings of genius are, like the responses of oracles, always ambiguous, and often misunderstood. I am not, therefore, without my apprehensions, lest I should have

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mistaken inclination for abilities ; and it is with all that doubtful anxiety, which naturally arises from such apprehensions, that I deliver this essay to the public, and wait for its decision. If it have the good fortune to merit the stamp of general approbation, I shall consider my *charter* as well founded, and proceed with cheerfulness and assiduity in the career I have opened to myself : but should the voice of a just criticism proclaim me an intruder in the purlieus of *Parnassus*, I shall patiently submit to its decree, and betake myself to some other province in literature better suited to my talents.

THE SATIRES OF HORACE have been long the admiration of the learned, and very justly. He is not only one of the best poets, but best philosophers. He is the poet and philosopher of all ages and countries, because he is the poet and philosopher of *nature*. It is given but to a very few writers equally to instruct and to please—to correct the faults and follies of mankind, without shocking their delicacy, or offending their pride—to rally one out of his bad habits, and seduce him, if I may say so, into the



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path of virtue, even in spite of himself, and almost without his knowledge.

These Satires have been often translated into English; and this, perhaps, may, by some, be urged against me as a mark of presumption; as if I thought myself more capable of doing them justice than former translators. But the equitable reader will, I hope, allow that this objection is of little force, and might have been made against every translation of *Horace*, since the days of *Creech*. I make no comparisons. As I have not availed myself of their labours, so I envy not their merit. To profess that I do not think my translation, in some respects, superior to theirs, would be to profess a falsehood; and to affirm, with confidence, that it is, would be unpardonable arrogance.

The great and leading characters of *HORACE*, as a satirist, are *conciſeness*, *perspicuity*, and the most elegant *simplicity*. The two first, if I am not very far deceived, I have

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have nearly attained. If the length and energy of a Latin hexameter be considered, I shall not, I flatter myself, be thought prolix: and it would grieve me much, if there were a single distich in the whole unintelligible to the most ordinary capacity. As to the last quality, could I but assure myself that I had, in any degree, reached it, I should, without fear of being reputed a boaster, pronounce myself no inconsiderable poet. But it is here, particularly, that I feel my insufficiency, and tremble for my fame.

In translating, I have followed a medium between a close literal version and a loose paraphrase. I have not wittingly omitted any of *Horace's* thoughts; but I have clothed them, as well as I could, in a modern dress. I wished it to be the *Roman's* soul transfused into a *British* body.

I have preferred the Hudibrastic measure for two reasons: first, because, from the quick returns of rhyme, it is less apt to be clogged in its march by expletives and  
unmeaning



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unmeaning epithets; and, secondly, because I always thought it much fitter to express the *sermo pedestris*, the plain and pimpled manner of *Horace*, than our more solemn verses of ten syllables.

It was once my intention to admit no rhimes that were not absolutely perfect; but this, in the execution, I sometimes found impracticable, without sacrificing the sense, or losing a part of the humour. Yet I have not, unless in one or two instances, taken any licences of this kind that are not warranted by our best and latest poets.

I could, all along, have inserted real and living characters; and this, I am sensible, would have given a certain poignancy to my translation, which, to the taste of many readers, it must at present want: but as I had no private quarrels to resent, no particular party to please, I have either retained the names I found in the Latin, or introduced fictitious ones, wherever there was the least appearance of giving just cause of offence.

P R E F A C E.

If what I now publish happen to be well received, the rest of the Satires may, possibly, soon follow, on the same plan and in the same form.

In reading over the sheets, I find some few inaccuracies; which the critical reader will easily perceive, and the courteous reader, I presume, as easily pardon.



# SELECT SATIRES

OF

## HORACE.



BOOK I. SAT. I.

TO D<sup>r</sup>. BEATTIE.

**W**HENCE is it, BEATTIE, that we find  
Scarce one of all the human kind  
Content with that partic'lar lot  
Which Choice procur'd, or Chance begot;  
But dreaming still, if he possess  
His neighbour's place, he should be blest?

B                      " Happy

“Happy the man (the soldier says,  
Worn out with toils and broke with days)

“Who snug behind his compter lies,

“And sees his thousands round him rise!”

“More happy soldier! (cries again {

The trader, trembling on the main)

“He marches—fights—and, in a breath,

“’Tis vict’ry—or a glorious death:

“While I must live in constant fear,

“And shrink at ev’ry blast I hear.”

The country squire, whom knotty cause

To London and the Chancery draws,

Oblig’d from earliest morn to wait

’Till twelve o’clock, at lawyer’s gate,

Exclaims, with many a peevish frown:

“How lucky they that live in town!”

The



The lawyer, dun'd with dire debate,  
Would just as gladly rusticate;  
And talks in the most rapt'rous strains  
Of rural seats and verdant plains.

The Doctor—But the plaints of all,  
Not LUTTRELL, in St. Stephen's Hall,  
Were able fully to describe;  
So num'rous is the grumbling tribe!

But, should some God (the Gods with ease  
Can do whate'er their Godships please)  
Proclaim: “’Tis granted—Henceforth be  
“ A merchant *Thou*, a foldier *He*;  
“ A lawyer *This*, and *That* a ’squire:  
“ Each have his relative desire—  
“ Why stand ye mute?—’Tis given to chuse  
“ Your envy’d lots”—All, all refuse.

Sure Jove might burn with holy ire  
To see them sneakingly retire;  
And, in his well-tim'd fury, swear  
He'd never more indulge their pray'r.

But to be grave—tho', all the while,  
A man may tell the truth and smile;  
As dames encourage imps to read  
With sugar-plums and ginger-bread—

However, to be grave—Enquire  
At soldier, merchant, lawyer, squire,  
What is the end of all their pains?  
They'll answer, *una voce*: "Gains!"

"We mean (and sure our meaning's sage)

"To guard against the needs of age;

"And make our hay, while Phebus shines,

"Ere life's uncertain day declines.

2

"Tis



“ ’Tis thus the providential art  
“ Secures herself from future want,  
“ By scraping, all she can, together  
“ In summer months and sunny weather.”

True—but when storms and winter come  
The ant ne’er stirs a foot from home;  
But very wisely shuts the door, and  
And lives upon her gather’d store:  
Whilst you, that boast superior reason,  
Expose yourself in ev’ry season—  
To summer’s heat, to winter’s cold,  
Fire, water, famine—hell, for gold!

Yet, tell me why such fearful hurry  
These treasures in the earth to bury?  
“ Lest, if I once break in upon ’em,  
“ I waste them faster than I won ’em.”

And,

And, if you waste them not, I tell you,  
You quite misapprehend their value.

Let lasts of wheat your gran'ry swell:

A bushel does my turn as well:

For, when we both sit down to dine,—  
Your belly holds no more than mine.  
The slave, his master dooms to bear  
The victual-basket to the fair,  
Eats neither more nor less than they  
Who carry nothing on the way.  
Is it material to the man  
Who follows Nature's frugal plan,  
Whether his manor measure o'er  
Ten thousand acres—or ten score?

“But, doubtless, 'tis a greater pleasure  
“To take from an exhaustless treasure!”

That



That is, your pitcher you would fill  
From river, rather than from rill.  
But, should the treacherous bank give way,  
And heave you headlong to the sea;  
How would you, with retorted look,  
Regret my little limpid brook,  
Where I have water cheap and clear;  
And am, moreover, void of fear?  
Let me but drink—I'll never ask,  
Whether from *kilderkin* or *cask*.

- “ But, Sir, the most of modern folk  
“ Will sneer, and say: ‘Tis all a joke  
“ *Damn’d, dogmatizing, moral stuff!*  
“ *A man can never have enough:*  
“ *Your worth the world will always rate,*  
“ *Not from your merit, but estate!*

“ What

“What will you do with such as these?”  
Bid them be wretched!—since they please  
Wretched to be—or, rather, bid  
Them do as honest HEATFOOTE did;  
Who, when the populace assail’d him,  
And as a sordid miser hail’d him,  
Would thus console himself: “The rabble  
“Despise and hiss me! Let them gabble—  
“For, I despise them, ten times more,  
“Whene’er I count my guineas o’er.”

Poor Tantalus, with scorched lips,  
Gapes for the wave that from him slips;  
And, tho’ in water to the chin,  
Can never wet his tongue therein!  
You laugh! But only change the name,  
Your case, my friend, is just the same.

You



You hover o'er your bags of money,  
Like bee bedrown'd in her own honey,—  
Yet dare not, for your very heart,  
Presume to taste the smallest part:  
Content to view them, various ways,  
As folks on prints and pictures gaze.

The use of riches would you know?  
First, meat, and cloaths, and fire allow.  
If, after that, you still have savings,  
Indulge the rest of Nature's cravings.  
As far as finances permit,  
Want nought that's suitable and fit.

Thus Reason speaks—But, if to wake  
Both night and day, and, sleepless, quake  
Lest rust consume, or fire destroy,  
Or servants cheat, or thieves annoy—

C

Is

Is all the bliss that wealth can give :  
Then—let me *poor* for ever live !

“ But if I chance to catch a cold,  
“ Or need a nurse, when I grow old ;  
“ Or gripes, or gout, or gravel seize me,  
“ I have in *gold* the means to ease me.

“ *Gold* gets me some immediate friend,

“ Who shall assiduously attend,

“ Consult the Doctor, warm the cloths,

“ Prepare my boluses and broths—

“ In short, preserve my precious life ;

“ And to my dearest babes and wife

“ Restore me well.”—Restore you ? Know,

They wish'd you buried, long ago :  
And all your friends, both old and young,  
Would hear your *dirge* with pleasure sung !

Nor



Nor should it strange to you appear,  
Who hold your friends than gold less dear,  
That, in their turn, your friends should hold  
You less respectable than gold.  
For if, without or care or cost,  
You'd keep your friends, your labour's lost:  
Like his who, on the dusty plain,  
Would force an ass t'obey the rein.

Let some fixt limits, then, controul  
The wishes of your greedy soul.  
Still, as your riches multiply,  
Be less afraid of poverty;  
And, having reach'd your just desire,  
From bustling busy cares retire;  
That, having reap'd, you may enjoy  
The fruits of honest industry.

Not like that wretch (the story's short),  
A president of certain court;  
So rich—he could not count his pelf!  
So fordid—that he starv'd himself!  
Ate tripe, wore rags, slept on the floor—  
And all, for fear of growing poor!  
At length, his maid (as brave a lass  
As ever Clytemnestra was)  
In rage (for so the Dev'l would have it)  
Hang'd him, one morning, in his cravat.

“ I understand—You'd have me be  
“ Like yon' determin'd Debauchee;  
“ Who, when his appetites excite,  
“ Can spend a Fortune in a night!  
“ Is that your meaning?”—Nothing less:  
You always run to an excess.

For



For prodigality's a vice  
As frightful, full, as avarice.  
There is, most certainly, between  
Those two extremes a golden mean:  
Some mediate space, beyond whose bound  
*Reason and right* are never found.

But, to return: Is it not strange,  
That ev'ry fool his lot would change;  
And is, in this, a bit no wiser  
Than the most discontented Miser,  
Who bursts with envy to behold,  
The increase of his neighbour's fold:  
And, tho' he cannot fail to see  
That thousands poorer are than he,  
Yet is the varlet ne'er content,  
If there be *one* more opulent.

Thus,

Thus, Drivers in the course ne'er mind  
The chariot they have left behind;  
But all their art and ardor ply,  
To reach the one already by!  
Hence, rare the man, that will confess  
He lives a life of happiness;  
And, like a grateful, well-serv'd guest,  
With pleasure quits the sober feast.

But here's enough.—Left critics cry:

“ A plagiarist! a plagiarist!”  
And swear I've pilfer'd some Divine;  
I will not add another line.—



## BOOK I. SAT. II\*.

**O**UR pipers, players, puppet-showers,  
Bawds, bullies, beggars, hawkers, wh—es,  
Will, sure enough, weep out their eyes,  
When FRANK, their friend and patron, dies.  
Never, indeed, was wight so free  
Of person or of purse as he.

GRIPUS, again, not to be thought  
A worthless prodigal, gives nought—  
No, not a single *sous* to save  
His friend or father from the grave!

\* A part only of this Satire is translated.

Ask young Sir HELLO, why such haste  
His father's fortune thus to waste,  
And borrow money, to be able  
To furnish out a sumptuous table?  
Ask him, I say—He'll tell you: “Why, Sir!  
“I hate to be esteem'd a Miser!”  
And, so absurd a thing is fame,  
There are who praise him—are who blame.

MUNDUNCUS, on the other hand,  
Tho' rich in money, houses, land,  
Dreads, more than death itself, to bear  
The odious name of Squanderer.  
Each youngster newly come to town,  
He dogs, cajoles, and makes his own;  
And for the gudgeon lays the bait,  
In just proportion to his weight.

Inveighs,



Inveighs, with well-affected ire,  
Against his avaricious fire;  
And, for a favour, is content  
To lend him gold—at ten *per cent*!  
Who does not here exclaim: “Just Heav’n!  
“Why to the rogue were riches giv’n?” \* C

“At least (you’ll interrupt) he spends  
“His profits on himself and friends.”  
He spend?—All credit it exceeds  
How fordidly his life he leads.  
The Self-tormentor, in the fable,  
Was never half so miserable.

Should any one, at present, move  
This question: “What’s your drift?”—To prove  
That fools, while they’re intent to shun  
One vice, into another run.

D

MALTHUS

MALTHUS in double-breasted coat  
 Goes muffled to the very throat:  
 RUFILLUS, of a different taste,  
 Unbuttons all above the waist.  
 PORCELLO smells of dirt and grease;  
 C \* \* E of *eaux* and essences.  
 Men keep no mean—There are who sigh  
 Only for wh—res of quality;  
 While others, less ambitious, chuse  
 To pick their pleasures from the stews.

When, late, a rev'rend prelate saw  
 A priest from Drury's haunts withdraw;  
 "Courage! (he cry'd) since wh—re you must,  
 "Far better there to quench your lust,  
 "Than form wild projects in your head  
 "How to profane your neighbour's bed."

"That



“That puny praise let others claim—”

“(Says B\*) a Duchess is my game.”

Well—but ’tis worth your while to know,

From such attempts what evils flow.

Some gallants have from windows leapt ;

And some into a chest have crept.

Others, still more unlucky, meet

With midnight robbers on the street.

Others the mob, insulting, hails,

And with a shower of dirt affails.

In fine, there are, whom bloody knife

Deprives of limbs—perhaps, of life :

And ev’ry one that hears the tale,

Except Lord BUNCLE, says : “ ’Twas well ! ”

## BOOK I. SAT. (II. 247-252)

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GORDON.

**T**O ev'ry finger, man or woman,  
 One odious fault, my Lord! is common.  
 Ask—and you'll ne'er obtain a song!  
 Ask not—they'll chant the whole day long!

**TIGELLIVS** \*, had great Cefar woo'd  
 By all that's sacred, all that's good,  
 Would, if to sing he did not chuse,  
 A song to Cefar's self refuse.

\* A famous singer at Rome, in the days of *Augustus*. It is remarkable, that the character of the famous *Gabrielli* bears, in many respects, a very striking resemblance to that of *Tigellius*.

But,



But, if the whimsy struck, the finnet  
Would warble all the time of dinner;  
And, now, in jolly Bacchus' praise  
His more than treble voice would raise:  
Now, changing all at once his strain,  
Would sink into the bass again.  
But not in this alone was he  
The type of inconsistency!

This moment, through the streets he'd hie  
Like those who from a battle fly;  
The very next, he'd walk as slow  
As priests in a procession go.

A hundred slaves compos'd his train,  
One day; another, only ten.  
Now, he would talk of nought but kings,  
And courts and camps—and such great things:

Now,

Now, lowly roof, and frugal board,  
And cloaths to warm him—was the word.  
But give this self-contented creature,  
Who craves no more than's due to Nature—  
Give him, I say, ten thousand pound :  
He'd spend it ere the week went round !  
At night, when others seek repose,  
He'd watch and wench, 'till morning rose :  
And, from the rising of the morn,  
He'd sleep and snore 'till night's return.  
Not Proteus' self, with all his arts,  
Could act so many diff'rent parts !

But here, methinks, some critic sage  
Starts up—and asks me, in a rage :

“ Are you without your failings ? ”—No :  
I'm very far from thinking so.

I'm



I'm not like MENIUS—who exclaims  
'Gainst brother-rakes, and calls them names;  
But never, never will confess

He's guilty of the same excess.  
A partiality like this  
Deserves a universal hiss.

If, blind to your own faults, you spy  
Your brother's with Lyncean eye;  
Is it not just, that he should view  
As narrowly the specks in you?

J \* \* N is hot, and cannot brook  
Your attic wit, and pointed joke:  
His dress, his gait, his mien offend:  
All's true—but J \* \* N is your friend.  
A better, kindlier heart ne'er beat:  
A genius, too, of the first rate

Is lodg'd within that rustic frame,  
Which you for imperfections blame.

Before you censure others, try  
Your proper failings to descry;  
Whether they're part of Nature's lot,  
Or sloth and habit them begot:  
For, on the fields we cease to plow,  
Furze, fern, and broom, and bramble grow.

I see not why we should not prove  
The same in friendship, as in love.  
No lover yet, how'er so squeamish,  
Would in his mistress own a blemish.  
Nay—some of such her charms compose:  
As B\* of BERTHA's bottle-nose!

Thus



Thus friend should act by friend—~~or~~, rather,  
Should act like an indulgent father; B  
Who will not his poor child reject,

'Cause he was born with some defect.  
Though ghaftly, goggle-eyed, he'll swear  
He squints no more than My LORD MAYOR\*;  
If of a dwindled, dwarfy stature,  
He calls him his “Dear little creature.”  
A bandy leg, or beetle heel,  
He'd change to something more genteel:—

Nay—should his limbs be all distorted,  
He'd only say—that “Nature sported!”

So, is a friend penurious? I  
Would have it term'd *Frugality*.  
Forward and talkative? I'd call

Him *droll, facetious, festival*.

\* Written in 1775.

bnA

E

Surly

Surly and rough? I'd say, he's *plain*.  
Fiery? But *gen'rous* and *humane*.

These are the surest means, I know,  
To make a friend—and keep him so.  
But we another method take,  
And vices ev'n of virtues make:  
Eager some crack or flaw to find  
In vases of the soundest kind.

Thus modesty for meanness passes;  
A sober, silent man an ass is:

If prudent, provident, polite, honest,  
He's rogue, and knave, and hypocrite.

Does one, unpractis'd in the Great,  
Break through some little *etiquette*,

And



And bluntly interrupt his Grace  
At an improper time or place?  
(A fault, My LORD, which, I'm afraid,  
May to my own account be laid)  
For such a one--there's no defence;  
He's clearly void of common sense.

We ne'er consider that we draw  
Against ourselves this cruel law.

None are without their faults—The best  
Have fewer only than the rest.  
Therefore, a gen'rous friend, that sees  
My good and evil qualities,  
Will, if the first are more and greater,  
Benignly overlook the latter.

On that condition, I'll not fail  
To weigh him in the self same scale.

E 2

Your

Your friend has warts upon his face: Pray, will you count them a disgrace,  
When, on the other hand, 'tis known  
That you have wens upon your own? —  
Whoever pardons your defects,  
A pardon, in his turn, expects.

Since then, to speak with Zeno's school,  
Some fault must follow ev'ry fool,  
'Tis requisite that Reason's light  
Should teach to hold the balance right;  
And to each crime (as Nature meant)  
Assign its proper punishment.

Should one impale his cook, because  
He spill'd a broth, or spoil'd a sauce,  
Would



Would he not very justly pass  
For madder than Lord F—R, was?  
And yet, to me 'tis very plain  
That you are equally insane,  
When, if he in the least offend,  
You hate, abhor, and shun your friend!

—Shun him—as much as debtors do  
The sight of some hard-hearted Jew;  
Who, if the wretches cannot pay  
Exactly on th' appointed day,  
Obliges them—(poor hapless elves!)  
To hang—or circumcise themselves!

A friend, got drunk, distains a bed,  
Or throws a bumper at your head;  
Or, in a frolic, breaks a bowl,  
Or snatches from your plate the fowl:

Shall

Shall this inspire the same disgust,  
As if he thiev'd, or broke his trust?

Sure that philosophy is lame,  
That makes transgressions all the same.  
Plain sense recoils at the decision;  
And reason holds it in derision.  
Convenience too, the first great spring  
Of right and wrong, condemns the thing.

When out of earth mankind of old  
A mute and beastly vermin crawl'd;  
They fed on acorns, liv'd in caves,  
And fought for these with fists and staves:  
Till, by degrees, or art or chance  
Taught them the use of spear and lance.

But



But learning, next, the use of words,  
They found it fit to sheath their swords.  
So states were founded, cities built,  
And laws were made to punish guilt  
Of thieves, and murderers, and such  
As basely stain'd their neighbour's couch.  
For, long ere bards of Helen carol'd,  
Men for a female play-thing quarrel'd.

But ravishers, in lawless times,  
Had seldom leave't enjoy their crimes,  
For, whilst they sought promiscuously  
Their appetites to gratify,  
Superior pow'r would make them yield,  
Or die, inglorious, in the field.

'Tis thus the bull asserts his reign,  
And struts the monarch of the plain!

Revolve,

Revolve, with an attentive eye,  
 The records of antiquity:  
 You'll find, that fear of *fraud* or *force*  
 Of laws and justice was the source:  
 For, though from reason we may learn  
 "Twixt *good* and *evil* to discern;  
 We cannot by its scanty light  
 Distinguish, always, *wrong* from *right*.

Yet reason, sure, and justice too  
 Forbid it ever to be true,  
 That he, who steals from neighbour's garden  
 A cabbage scarcely worth a farthing,  
 Is as deserving of a halter,  
 As he that robs a church or altar!

Let then some rule that's just and even,  
 To measure ev'ry sin be given:

Nor



Nor let him on a gibbet die,  
 Who merits but the pilory;  
 For there's no reason to suspect  
 You of the opposite defect\*  
*You*—who so very wisely tell us,  
 That ev'ry crime deserves the gallows;  
 And that, were you a king, you'd strike  
 Th' assassin and the thief alike!

Tho', Sir!—if true, what sages sing,  
 That he that's *wise*, is—*ev'ry thing*!  
 Then, you already are a King†.

“Oh!

\* Of punishing too mildly.

† In the close of the preceding section, Horace supposes a Stoic Philosopher wishing to be a king, in order to punish all crimes with the same degree of severity, as being in his ideas all equally heinous.

—From this the Satirist takes occasion to ridicule another tenet of the same sect; namely, That a wise man, *i. e.* a Stoic Philosopher,  
 F  
 is

“ Oh! but you much misapprehend

“ The meaning of these words, my friend! W

“ Our Sages never make their cloaths, r

“ Nor mend their boots, nor knit their hose :

“ And yet, in certain sense, ’tis true, W—

“ They’re taylor, coblers, hofers too!”

How, pray?—“ Just as Sir D—v still

“ A barber is, in point of skill; r

“ Although he has, these many years,

“ Touch’d neither razor, soap, nor sheers!

“ ’Tis only in this sense we sing, }  
 “ That *He that’s wise, is ev’ry thing,* }  
 “ A barber, taylor, cobbler—King!” }

Pardon, Great Sire!—But yet the boys

Seem much your kingship to despise,

is every thing, because Wisdom contains virtually and essentially all human perfection.

When



When in the streets they're seen and heard  
To call you names, and pluck your beard\*;  
Which oft obliges you, in dudgeon,  
To use your sceptre for a bludgeon;  
And, with your potent arm, restrain  
The petulancy of your train!

But, that you may not think I try  
The patience of your Majesty,  
I'll end.—While *you* (a King) remain  
The humble tenant of Cock-lane;  
Your whole attendants—courtiers—pages,  
Two, three such other shabby fages:  
*I*, if my friends but kindly brook  
My follies, and my faults o'erlook,  
Will gladly bear and pardon theirs,  
And laugh at—KING-PHILOSOPHERS!—

\* The Stoics wore long beards, as a mark of superior wisdom.  
This often exposed them to the insults of the populace.

## BOOK I. SAT. IV.

TO THE HON. MR. BARON GORDON.

CHaucer and Shakespeare, Lydgate, Ben\*,  
And other such old comic men,  
Were wont, while poets yet had grace,  
To laugh at Folly, to its face.

The failing spouse, the faithless punk,  
The lawless judge, the lecherous monk,  
The fuddling priest, the foppish peer,  
They pointed out to public jeer.

\* Ben Jonson.

Butler,



Butler, tho' in a diff'rent pace,  
Pursued the same inviting chafe:  
Butler, a bard of matchless wit,  
Had he in smother numbers writ \*  
How could he?—In an hour, he'd bring  
Two hundred verses in a string—  
Then pause—and, in another hour,  
He'd bring two hundred verses more.  
Copious he flow'd, but wanted skill  
Or patience to restrain his quill:  
Yet in his motley, muddy stream  
Full many a pearl is seen to gleam †.

\* The admirers of *Hudibras* will, no doubt, consider this as a daring and insolent attack upon their favourite author. But I beg leave to remark, that I find fault only with his great verbosity and incorrectness; while, at the same time, I allow him to be, in point of humour—perhaps of wit—the first poet of the nation.

† I have adopted the most favourable interpretation of this ambiguous passage.

It is

'Tis not the number, but the weight  
Of lines, that we should estimate.  
CRISPINUS challenges to rhyme—  
“ Appoint a judge—a place—a time—  
“ Give paper, ink—and let us try  
“ Who writes most verses? You or I?”

The Gods did well, that form'd my mind  
Of the pacific, gentle kind,  
And made me of a temp'rature  
Such boist'rous boasting to endure.  
Be thou, CRISPINUS! and thy fellows,  
The emblem of a blacksmith's bellows,  
Which, tho' it make a constant din,  
Has nought but noisy wind within!

Thrice happy BAYS! He twice a year  
Can charm ev'n mighty GEORGE's ear;



And see each dark and dulsome line  
In BOYCE'S deathless music shine :  
While—these of mine, scarce one in twenty  
Can bear—their palates are so dainty !

Satire, my friend ('twixt me and you),  
Can never please but very few.  
The reason if you ask—"Tis plain, Sir !  
The most of mankind merit censure.

Th' ambitious knave, the wealthy fool,  
Corruption's tamperer and tool ;  
The slave of luxury and lust,  
The virtuoso mad for rust ;  
The trader, whose insatiate soul  
Drives him like dust from pole to pole—  
All these with one accord (you know it)  
Dread poetry, and damn the Poet.

“ Shun,

“ Shun, shun (they cry) the dangerous man:

“ He'll kick or cuff you, if he can.

“ Let him but have his darling joke,

“ He cares not whom he may provoke.

“ Ev'n sacred friendship vainly tries

“ To 'scape his wanton raileries:

“ And, once your name is fairly down,

“ You're made the sport of all the Town.”

The charge is heavy—But agree

To hear, at least, my counter-plea.

And, first, I solemnly disclaim

A poet's venerable name.

For, sure, you cannot think that those,

Who write in verse resembling prose,

Are poets?—He who boldly soars

Above the reach of vulgar pow'rs;

Whose



Whose bosom, if the Muse inspire,  
Glow with a more than mortal fire ;  
And who, in ev'ry rapt'rous line,  
Displays an energy divine ;  
Commands, not courts, our approbation—  
He, he deserves that appellation !

And hence there are (perhaps you know'em)  
Who deem ev'n *comedy* no poem ;  
Because it wants that force and fire  
Which we in poetry require ;  
And, but that numbers interpose,  
Is nothing more than naked prose\*.

\* This alludes to the ancient Greek and Latin *Comedy*, which was written in a loose sort of measure. The French and Italians still follow, for the most part, the example of the ancients ; whereas our comedies are all written in pure prose.

G Sometimes,

Sometimes, indeed, a father's bile  
Transports him to the tragic stile,  
When he a graceless son reproaches  
For the most scandalous debauches.  
But, were thy fire alive to see,  
O G\*! thy matchless infamy,  
Would he express his angry mind  
In accents of a softer kind?

It is not, then, enough we raise  
Our words above the vulgar phrase;  
If, when they're but a little chang'd,  
Or in another order rang'd,  
They absolutely say no more  
Than twenty *fires* have said before.

If you apply this useful note  
To what I write—or BUTLER wrote;

And



And alter certain moods and times,  
Invert some words, and drop some rhymes:  
It will, I think, be wond'rous hard  
To find the fragments of a bard.

Not so in such as MILTON made—  
*Now arms on armour clashing bray'd*  
*Horrible discord!*—Change, transfer,  
Break—till the Poet shall appear.

But whether Comedy and Satire  
Be truly poems, in their nature,  
Is not the question—(I may state it,  
Perhaps, hereafter, and debate it)  
At present, all I ask, is this:  
Why take you Satire so amiss?

FIELDING, and Fielding's fierce-like train  
Are dreadful to a knave—'tis plain :  
But what has innocence to fear  
From them or him ? I fain would hear !  
Why dread you me ? Tho' you're a rogue,  
I'm neither FIELDING, nor his dog !  
My writings are not pasted up  
At ev'ry door of ev'ry shop ;  
Nor hawk'd about the streets, nor sung  
By wenches to the gaping throng.  
I read them only to a few,  
And often importun'd thereto :  
And how they get into the prefs :  
Is more than I myself can guess.  
While ev'ry little pamphleteer  
Duns with his din the public ear ;  
Raves, and repeats his tinsel lines  
Where'er he dices, drinks, or dines ;

And,



And, 'spite of breeding, sense or shame,  
Re-echoes still his own dear name!

“ These words are fair (you'll say); but still  
“ There's poison, poison in your quill.  
“ You love detraction—Yes, you love it  
“ As D \* \* \* D slander.”—Prove it, prove it!  
Name, if you can, a friend—or foe  
That ever dar'd to tell you so!

The man, who for some selfish end  
Basely backbites his absent friend;  
Or who, when others blame him, won't  
Repel th' injurious, vile affront;  
Raises a laugh, at your expence,  
To show his wit and eloquence;  
Betrays your secret, blabs your fault,  
And feigns what ne'er was said nor thought—

*He,*

*He, BRITONS! he's the dangerous man; hush!*  
Shun *him* with all the care you can.

You may remark, at most of feasts,  
Some waggish Wit among the guests,  
Who makes you merry at the cost  
Of ev'ry body, but his host.  
Nay, host himself, at length, he jeers,  
When wine has once remov'd his fears.

And, yet, at this you never growl,  
But call him a facetious soul:  
Whereas, if I my lips but ope,  
Call L\* a sloven, M\* a fop;  
You swear all decency is gone—  
I lash! I libel! I lampoon!

Well, be it so—But let me see,  
If you, good man! more harmless be?

2

When,



When, in a public conversation,  
You hear of PETIL's speculation\*,  
His cause you coldly thus defend:

"PETIL has ever been my friend:

"The obligations I him owe

"Are great and many, as you know:

"I'm happy he's alive—but wonder

"How he escap'd the Senate's thunder:

"For, to be plain (I will not wrong him)—

"There was, good faith! enough to hang him!"

This is the most malignant venom

That wicked man can carry in him.

A deadly gall, which, Heav'n be blest!

Has never lodg'd within my breast;

\* Petil, or Petilius, was one of those great thieves, who first pocket the public money, and afterwards employ a part of it to buy the pardon of their iniquity.

Nor

Nor ever shall, I here engage,  
Dissain the candour of my page.  
But that, when fools or knaves provoke,  
I should refuse myself a joke—  
Or you this freedom should deny—  
I really see no reason why.

My father used this artifice  
To fright me from the paths of vice,  
And brought examples to enforce  
The maxims of his wife discourse.  
Intemp'rance if he meant to blame—  
“ See (would the honest man exclaim)  
“ See wretched NEPOS. Not long since  
“ He had the fortune of a prince :  
“ Tho' now, as prodigals deserve,  
“ Reduc'd to beg—or work—or starve !

“ Learn



“ Learn hence, my boy ; ah ! learn to live

“ Content with what the Gods may give.”

From lawless lust would he dissuade ?

Some prompt example still he had

To suit his purpose—“ Would you take

“ For model yon’ exhausted rake ;

“ And be, like him, for ever after

“ The theme of universal laughter ?

“ Divines will tell you (he would add)

“ The *reasons* why some things are *bad*,

“ And others *good*.—But ’tis enough

“ For me, a Laic plain and rough,

“ To steer by the more simple rules

“ Our fathers gave—who were not fools.

“ Happy, if, while you need a guide,

“ You by these wholesome rules abide.

OT

H

“ When

“ When reason, with experience join’d,  
“ Shall have matur’d your rip’ning mind;  
“ You’ll need no buoyant aid (I take it),  
“ But boldly swim, without a jacket\*.”

’Twas thus, I say, my Sire imprest  
The seeds of virtue in my breast:  
And, whether *that* he bade me do,  
Or *this* he counsel’d to elchew,  
Some pattern still he had at hand,  
T’ enforce his counsel or command.

The sight of some untimely bier  
Gives caution, wariness and fear

\* Unexperienced swimmers use sometimes a cork-jacket, to keep them up, till they acquire, by practice, skill sufficient to do without it.



To him, whom all the Doctor's skill  
 Could never make advisable.  
 So, the disgrace that quick o'ertakes  
 The wretch that virtue's road forsakes,  
 Deters the heedless mind from vice,  
 Much more than precept or advice.

Hence, have I, all my early time,  
 Been kept from ev'ry grievous crime.

Some faults I have, I frankly own ;

(Ah ! where's the mortal that has none ?)

But such as, I would fain believe,

Good folks will easily forgive.

These, too, perhaps a faithful friend,

Reflection, years, and pains may mend.

For, pains I take, both night and day,

To wear my blemishes away.

“ That’s right (I say)—By acting so,  
“ A wiser, better man I’ll grow.  
“ That was not well:—Shall e’er such stain  
“ Defile my character again?”  
Such are my useful meditations,  
’Midst my most serious occupations—  
At home—abroad—on all occasions;  
And, if a leisure-hour succeed,  
I write them down—for *you* to read!

This is, perhaps, some little fault,  
But surely with no malice fraught:  
Which if to pardon you deny,  
I’ll call to aid, immediately,  
My brother-poets (we can boast  
A num’rous and determin’d host),  
And, as the French enforce their laws,  
Compel you to espouse our cause!



## BOOK I. SAT. VIII\*.

*The Heathen Divinity PRIAPUS is supposed to speak.*

W E once were log of useless wood:

And long the artist dubious stood,

Whether 'twere properest to shape us

Into a Bench or a Priapus?

At length, with a decisive nod,

He said, and swore he'd make a God.

\* The intelligent reader will easily perceive, that this Satire could not well be modernised. As it is, however, a master-piece of pleantry and genuine humour, I have given it a place in this selection. PRIAPUS, in the Pagan Theology, was the tutelary God of Gardens; but Horace was no devotee. Never, perhaps, was superstition better exposed than in this admirable composition.—I have made PRIAPUS speak in the plural number, to give his words the greater air of seriousness and solemnity.

bsH

A God,

A God, accordingly, we are,  
And birds and thieves alike we scare.  
Our arm and pole the latter dread;  
The former tremble at our reed \*.

These goodly gardens, which we grace,  
Were once the common burial-place  
Of all the vilest populace.

Hither were secretly convey'd,  
By some kind brother of the trade,  
The humble tenants of the stalls,  
And pimps, and play'rs, and prodigals.  
Full twenty roods, as still is shewn  
By yonder monumental stone,

\* PRIAPUS had a long red pole protruding from his groin, a club in his right hand, and a versatile reed fixed to the crown of his head.

Had,



Had, for that purpose, been, we find,  
By some old pious fool assign'd.

A modern taste, and more improv'd,  
Has all those nuisances remov'd:

And, by MECENAS' kindly care,  
We breathe a sweet salubrious air.  
The spot, so dismal erst, no more  
With blanched bones is checker'd o'er;  
But, cut in terraces, affords  
A walk for ladies and for lords.

And, now, we freely must confess,  
Nor birds nor thieves so much distress,  
As Hags, that work such deadly harms  
To human souls, by magic charms.  
Soon as the silver moon displays  
The lustre of her full-grown rays,

With all our vigilance and power  
 We cannot, at the midnight hour,  
 Prevent the shame-abandon'd crones  
 From gath'ring pois'nous herbs and bones.

We saw, ourselves, CANIDIA there;  
 Her weeds were tuck'd, her feet were bare;  
 And all dishevel'd was her hair!  
 Old SAGANA was by her side,  
 And with her in pale horror vied!  
 Hideous they howl'd! then (strange to tell)  
 With nails profane to dig they fell:  
 Next with their teeth a lamb they tore,  
 A fable lamb—whose reeking gore  
 They pour'd into the new-made holes,  
 To conjure up responsive souls.



Two magic forms (the one of wax,  
The other seem'd of wool—or flax)  
Were seen.—The former less, and stood  
Like slave in supplicating mood;  
The latter, like some stern Balhaw,  
A bloody lash appear'd to draw:  
By this 'twas meant to indicate  
Th' original's intended fate.

And, now, to each infernal pow'r  
Their backward pray'rs they mutter o'er;  
While from the yawning womb of hell  
Black serpents hiss, and blood-hounds yell!  
The moon, such deeds asham'd to view,  
Behind the monuments withdrew.

May crows obscene, no more afraid,  
Defile our venerable head!

I

May

May we be spit, and spued, and p—st  
Upon by all the rogues that list,  
If ere a word but naked truth  
Proceeds, at present, from our mouth!

Why should we say, what sad, shrill speeches  
There pass between the ghosts and witches?—  
Or how the latter form'd their spell  
Of dragon's teeth and asphodel;  
Which, with a wolf's black beard, they laid  
Deep in the ground, beneath a shade?—  
How, instantly, at their desire,  
The waxen image was on fire?  
And how, at last, enrag'd to see  
Such base and bare-fac'd devilry,  
No common vengeance we decreed  
For the audacious, impious deed?

In



In one big blast th' intestine wind  
 Gath'ring, we thunder'd from behind—  
 So loud! a bladder, burst asunder,  
 Emitted never such a thunder!  
 The beldams fly; while from them fall  
 Caps, kerchiefs, amulets—and all.  
 You would have blest yourself t' have been  
 A witness of the merry scene.

## BOOK II. SAT. II.

TO MY FRIENDS.

Come learn, my FRIENDS, this useful lore,  
To live contentedly, tho' poor.

Nor is it here the Poet preaches,

He only sings what CRAWFORD teaches ;

A sage train'd up in Nature's school,

And roughly wise—without a rule.

Come learn—not 'midst the pomp and state

Of sumptuous meals and dazzling plate ;

Nor while the full and flowing bowl

From Reason's road betrays the soul—

But, void of viands and of wine,

Discuss the point—before you dine.

“ Why



“Why so?”—Who from the partial mouth  
Of judge corrupt expects the truth?

Go! hunt the hare, or break the horse,  
Or drive the chariot o’er the course;  
Or if, by *Gallic* arts subdu’d,  
You deem those exercises rude,  
Pursue the milder ones of *France*;  
Play tennis—whirl the quoit—or dance,  
Till, or by labour or by play,  
You drive satiety away:  
Then, dry and dinnerless, complain  
Of tasteless meat, or tart champain.

When stormy seas refuse you fish,  
Or absent butler balks your wish;  
If, then, a little bread and cheese  
Your barking appetite appease,

The

The relish in yourself must dwell—  
Not in the favour or the smell.

Would you with gust and pleasure eat?  
Prepare your fauce of toil and sweat!  
For, when gross humors, lodg'd within,  
Obstruct the pores, and heave the skin,  
Not oysters nor anchovies please;  
Nor turtle brought from Indian seas.

Say what I will—your dainty gullet  
Prefers a peacock to a pullet;  
Because (I ween) the peacock's rare—  
Sells high—and has a greater glare.  
As if that plumage, which you prize,  
Could feast your palate, as your eyes;  
Or that the meat, when boil'd or roast,  
Could still its painted honours boast!



If, then, except in form and name,  
Pullet and peacock are the same;  
You fairly must, I think, confess  
You're sway'd by mere appearances.

Can taste inform you, if that pike  
Be drawn from river, pond, or dike?  
Or whether this delicious flounder  
Was caught above the Bridge, or under?

A mullet thirty ounces weight  
You praise, and think most delicate;  
And yet fastidiously despise  
A pike of ten times greater size!  
Why so?—'Cause Nature, as I guess,  
Made larger pikes, and mullets less.

The stomach hunger stimulates,  
Demands no rare or costly cates.  
But, hear the harpy-glutton cry in yniest noy  
“ Gods ! give me turbot, or I die !  
“ And oh ! to crown my warmest wish,  
“ Let one huge turbot fill the dish !”

Blow, south winds ! blow thro’ ev’ry chink,  
And taint his viands ’till they stink—  
Tho’ sure, the sweetest meats must be  
Loathsome to such a hog as he ;  
Who, ev’ry meal, must whet his palate  
With sav’ring sauce, or sharp’ning fallad ;  
And knows no other appetite  
But what provocatives excite.

’Tis well some cheap and vulgar things  
Are common, still, to clowns and kings :

And



And eggs and butter find a place,  
Ev'n at the table of his Grace.

Not half a gent'ry since, 'tis said,  
A *Broker* infamous was made  
For eating *Dories*.—Did the main  
No *Turtle*, haply, then contain?  
Yes, surely!—But no *NABOB*, yet,  
Had to the Town th' example set;  
Nor said, with pow'r creative: “Be

“That glorious thing, call'd *Callipee*!”  
Now, let some fopling represent  
That fritter'd frogs are excellent;  
Our Cits shall quickly take the word,  
And frogs shall smoke on ev'ry board.

Yet must ye not, my Friends, to shun  
One vice, into another run.

K

For

For *thrift* (ev'n CRAWFORD will confess)  
Is not the same with *sordidness*.

AVIDIEN, whom, by way of slur,  
His neighbours justly name *The Cur*,  
Lives, all the long revolving year,  
On shins of beef and sharp small beer—  
Unless—when, in his best array,  
He keeps his birth or marriage day;  
For, then, he scruples not to join  
Potatoes—and a pint of wine!—  
Nay, when a gen'rous fit prevails,  
His guest with fallad he regales;  
On which he drops, from broken cruet,  
Some rancid oil, or stinking fuet:  
But, with a hand more lib'ral, pours  
His vapid vinegar—in show'rs.



“Is there no medium, then, perchance,

“Twixt meanness and extravagance?”

“And, to whichever side we hazard,

“Must it be either *hawk* or *buzzard*?”

The prudent man his course will strike,  
Distant from both extremes alike.

Not so ridiculously nice,

As feat and finic BILLY SPICE,

Who scolds, and thinks himself disgrac’d,

If but a napkin is misplac’d:

Nor yet so sloven-like and flatter,

As take Lord NEVY for his pattern;

With whom—’tis wonder if you find

A glass of water to your mind:

Such greafe with greatness here is join’d!

The blessings, next, of *Temp'rance* hear!

(’Tis CRAWFORD still demands your ear) ’Tis  
 First, roseate health—Need ye be told,  
 To recollect, in days of old  
 How lightsome ye were wont to feel,  
 On rising from a simple meal?  
 Whereas, when (dish succeeding dish)  
 A jumbled load of *flesh* and *fish*,  
 And *boil’d* and *roast*, and *sweet* and *sour*,  
 At once into your paunch you pour  
 Discordant humours then must jar,  
 And raise, within, a civil war,  
 Hence, mark how pale each sickly guest  
 Returns from Corporation-feast.

Besides—This heavy piece of clay,  
 O’ercharg’d with luxe of yesterday,

ST,

2 M

So



So sinks the soul towards the earth,  
(In spite of it's celestial birth)  
That oft the spark of heav'nly fire  
Is almost ready to expire.

Next, he that's temp'rate never knows  
The tedious want of sweet repose;  
But, soon as e'er he lays his head,  
Falls fast asleep, on hardest bed;  
Ready at any hour, you ask,  
To rise and re-assume his talk.

Yet he at times, unceasur'd, may  
Indulge himself a genial day:  
As when the year its course renews,  
Or stated holy-day ensues;

Or, with excessive labour spent,  
The body needs some blandishment;

Or

Or friendly fellowship desire it,  
Or weak'ning, wasting age require it.  
But you who, young and vig'rous, fly  
Through ev'ry stage of luxury;  
To what new solace will you run,  
When age and maladies come on?

Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son—Well!  
Was it because they had no smell?  
No—but our fathers thought it best  
To wait, a while, th' expected guest,  
Rather than swallow up, unhar'd,  
A dinner e'er so well prepar'd.  
Oh! had I, born in those blest days,  
Partook of such an honest praise!

Besides, some small consideration  
Is surely due to *reputation*,  
Which,



Which, to an unignoble ear,  
Is, more than sweetest music, dear.

But rare and costly meals, you'll find,  
With ignominy are combin'd.

You'll find yourself (when once 'tis known  
That all your opulence is gone)

Despis'd by all your friends—nay, worst,  
Ev'n by your partial self accurs'd ;

When all that's left will scarcely bring in  
Three fathoms of a rope—to swing in !

“ The caution, Sir, is good and fair ;

“ And suits Sir THOMAS to a hair :

“ Not me—whose yearly incomes bring

“ The fortune of a little king !”

Well, you're immensely rich !—But why  
Give all to beastly gluttony ?

Is there no other way to spend  
That affluence? Shall one worthy friend,  
While you have store, abandon'd lie  
'Midst all the woes of poverty?  
Repair yon' church, before it fall;  
Or save that sinking hospital:  
Or let thy gen'rous treasures flow,  
To guard thy country from the foe.

Art thou so foolish as believe,  
That Fortune never can deceive?  
So high, perhaps, she did thee place,  
Only to fall with more disgrace;  
And has already fixt thy fate  
To public scorn and public hate!

Then tell me, which shall bear the best  
The rigour of so rude a test?

He



He who, his body's humble slave,  
Grants ev'ry thing his senses crave;  
Or he who, provident and wary,  
Contents him with the necessary;  
And, like a prudent chief, prepares,  
In time of peace, for future wars?

Thus CRAWFORD preach'd:—Nor was there  
aught

But what he practis'd, as he taught.  
I've known him in his better days,  
When Fortune shed her kindly rays,  
Ufing the self-same moderation  
As in his present humble station.

See! where he fits, in sober state,  
At yonder little cottage-gate;

L

And,

And, 'midst his playful children, smokes  
His pipe, and cracks his harmless jokes.

'Tis known (he says, and smiles) that I  
Was never giv'n to luxury:  
On common days, my common cheer  
Was beans and bacon, bread and beer;  
But when a long-expected friend  
Came weary'd off his journey's end,  
Or business, bargain, or bad weather,  
Brought neighbours, two or three, together;  
I did not send, express, to town,  
To fetch your dainty fishes down;—  
But kid, or capon, if I had it,  
Were to the usual *quantum* added.  
With fruits the table next was fraught,  
Such as the foil and season brought:

Then



Then thanks and praise were duly giv'n  
To all-providing, bounteous Heav'n.  
A chearful bumper crown'd the day,  
And drove our killing cares away.

Let Fortune new encroachments make;  
How little from me can she take.

Have you, my children, felt her hand  
More heavy, since we lost our land?  
What tho' these fields, I once could claim,

At present bear another's name;

By nature, neither he nor I

Have any lasting property.

Lord UMBRA drove me from my place;

Him, too, another soon shall chafe:

Himself shall be his own undoing,

Or dubious law-suits work his ruin.

At best, and 'spite of all his care,  
He must resign it to his heir.

Therefore, be brave, in ev'ry state,  
And laugh at *Fortune* and at *Fate*!



## BOOK II. SAT. IV\*.

*To the MACARONIES of the present Age.*

P O E T.

W H I T H E R so fast?

F R I E N D.

Excuse—adieu!

I have not time to answer you:

Intent

\* The railery of Horace is generally so fine, that it is often hard to determine, whether he be in jest or in earnest. This is especially true with regard to the present Satire. Hence, some of his commentators are of opinion, that he means only to rally his friend on the air of serious importance with which he speaks of the precepts of the culinary art; but that the precepts themselves are just: while others,

Intent and eager to mark down  
The lessons I have learn'd in Town:  
Lessons, my friend, that far surpass  
The maxims of *Pythagoras*;  
Your *Newtons*, *Lockes*, and *Leland's* never  
Said any thing that's half so clever!

## P O E T.

Gramercy!—"Twas no venial crime  
T' intrude at this unlucky time:  
Altho', I hope, it won't be thought  
A quite unpardonable fault.

others, I think with more reason, maintain, that he laughs at the precepts also, as being, for the most part, absurd or trifling. Which-ever of these sentiments be adopted, the satire is one of the bitterest ironies; and, I am sorry to be obliged to add, that it is but too applicable to the present age, when every fine gentleman affects to be as complete a coek as *Cole* himself.

Your



Your happy mem'ry will, with ease,  
Recall them how and when you please.

F R I E N D .

Not so—the things were wond'rous rare,  
And subtle as the very air :  
Lord ! how I wish you had been there ! } }

P O E T .

What curious sage is this you've hit on ?  
Is he a foreigner or BRITON ?

F R I E N D .

I'll give his doctrines, as I can ;  
But must not, yet, reveal the man.

“ An egg that's long is always found  
“ Superior to an egg that's round.

“ The

“ The reason’s hid from most of men:

“ *That* holds a *cock*—and *this* a *hen*.

“ The coles and cabbages, that grow

“ On sandy beach, or sunny brow,

“ Are fitter far, for ev’ry use,

“ Than what your richer soils produce.

“ That you may have wherewith to feast

“ The late and unexpected guest,

“ Before you kill your fowls, ne’er fail

“ To sleep them well in *wine*—or *ale*!

“ The meadow-mushroom is the best;

“ There’s death, or danger, in the rest!

“ The man who wishes to possess

“ Long life, long health, long happiness,

“ Must



“ Muſt (for in this the ſecret lies) *no ill*.”

“ Conclude his meals with—*Mulberries!*”

“ But let him take this needful warning;”

“ They muſt be gather’d in the morning!”

“ AUFIDIUS, for a cordial, took

“ A draught of honey mixt with hock,

“ Egregious fool!—Take in its ſtead

“ A draught of Malaga or Mead.

“ The parched veins no drink ſhould ſooth,

“ But what is lenient, cool, and ſmooth.

“ If conſtipation chance to ſeize you,

“ Limpets or muſcles ſoon will eaſe you:

“ Or, ſhould this *Recipe* miſcarry,

“ Take ſorrel ſteep’d in rich Canary.

M

“ All

- “ All *conchs* \* are ever fullest when  
“ The Moon is farthest from her wane:—  
“ Yet are not, in the same degree,  
“ Or full or fine in ev'ry sea.  
“ Best lobsters grow on *Thanet's* coasts;  
“ And *Colchester* its oysters boasts:  
“ From northern shores our cockles come;  
“ Crawfish and shrimps are found at home.—

- “ He knows not, sure, the smallest part  
“ Of the important eating-art,  
“ Who can't distinguish, to a hair,  
“ What is, in ev'ry kind, most rare:  
“ Nor is't enough to fill the board  
“ With all the fish the seas afford;

\* The learned and generical name for all sorts of shell-fish.

“ Unless



“ Unless you can, with skill *divine*,

“ To each its proper sauce assign.—

“ Such sauce, as quickly may excite

“ Th’ already sated appetite ;

“ And make your listless guest be fain

“ To snatch his knife and fork again.

“ A Connoisseur, that scorns to eat

“ Your flabby and insipid meat,

“ His well-serv’d table ne’er disgraces

“ With pork that’s fed in marshy places ;

“ But brings it from the neighb’ring wood,

“ Where, acorn-fed, it must be good.

“ An orchard kid is good for nought ;

“ It should be from the mountains brought.

“ The shoulder of a pregnant hare,

“ The man of *gout* selects with care.

“ Mine was the palate first found out

“ (What many a dunce before had sought

“ In vain) the great and golden rule,

“ To know the age of fish or fowl.

“ Some dull inventors never make

“ Beyond a custard—or a cake!

“ ’Tis not enough t’employ your care

“ ’Bout one partic’lar kind of fare.

“ What tho’ your wine’s the very best,

“ If nothing’s good in all the rest?

“ If, when the night is calm and fair,

“ You place your port in open air;

“ What-



“ Whatever’s in it rank or rough

“ Will be evaporated off.

“ To use the strainer is most hellish,

“ It quite destroys the genuine relish.

“ He who would ev’ry palate please,

“ Should pour his port on claret lees ;

“ Careful to sink the rising dregs

“ With sugar, salt, and pigeons eggs.

“ Roast shrimps and winkles re-excite

“ The drink-demolish’d appetite :

“ Whereas, your grand specific, lettuce

“ Is only fit to cause a *flatus* !

“ Ev’n sausage, ham, or good smok’d beef,

“ Are likelier far to bring relief.

“ To know the nature and the names

“ Of sauce, your whole attention claims.

“ The first is plain, and may consist

“ Of oil, or butter, as you list.

“ To make the second, you must join

“ Some catchup and some malnsy wine.

“ Add fennel, parfly, thime, or mint,

“ And squeeze a little lemon in't.

“ Your rennets, tho' they're not so fair,

“ More juicy than your pippins are.

“ Some grapes are best conserv'd; while some

“ Must in the smoke to ripeness come.

“ I was the first, without dispute,

“ Who found a proper sauce for fruit;

5

“ And



“ And taught our men of great estates

“ To serve it up in china plates.

“ This (if you mean to have it nice)

“ Is made of pickle, salt, and spice.

“ It, surely, a most monstrous sin is,

“ To spend, each meal, a hundred guineas ;

“ And yet have ne’er a bit of fish,

“ But what is cramm’d in one small dish.

“ How shameful, and how sad th’ affront,

“ To see a glass with grease upon’t !

“ ’Tis still more shameful to behold

“ The tankard crufted o’er with mould.

“ He’s poor indeed, who can’t command

“ A rubber, brush,es, chalk, and sand.

“ Would you, with dirty broom, sweep o’er

“ A painted roof, or marble floor ?

“ Or

“ Or cloth of gold and purple spread

“ Upon a nasty chair or bed?

“ Remember always that, the less

“ It costs such trifles to redress,

“ The more your plea's without defence,

“ Than if they call'd for great expence.”

P O E T.

Ah! dearest friend (let me request

By all that's sacred, all that's blest),

Straight lead me to the place, that I

May learn such sound philosophy.

For, tho' you may not have forgot

Of all his speech a single jot;

Yet most of things, I understand,

Are apt to lose at second-hand:

Besides, his figure, gesture, mien,

Which you (thrice happy man) have seen,

And



And therefore place not to account,  
With me come to an high amount.

My mind can never be at ease

'Till I have seen this *Socrates*;

And, from the fountain-head, have bore

Large draughts of this *high-season'd* lore!

Let nothing *SALENT* . . . *WIT*  
(How of and ym base may thro' come)

By one the tal'citinge taww y  
—? taww taww ym I taww

## BOOK II. SAT. V\*.

TO EDMUND BURKE, ESQ.

ULYSSES.—TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

**THIS**, too, TIRESIAS, prithee, tell  
 (Since erst you read my fate so well)

By what partic'lar art and care

Shall I my finances repair?—

Why

\* Those who have read the *Odyssey* will remember, that *Ulysses* is there made to go down to hell to consult the ghost of the prophet *Tiresias*, concerning his future fate. *Horace* is suppos'd, by *Dacier* and others, to take up the story just where *Homer* left it; and, in that supposition, the scene of this Dialogue must lie in Elysiun.



Why laugh you so?

TIRESIAS.

D'ye think that this is

A question worthy wife ULYSSES?

T' have 'scap'd the dangers of the main,

And seen your *Itaca* again,

Is not enough, then, Fox!—But you

Must have, forsooth, a fortune too!

ULYSSES.

O! Seer! from whose unerring mouth

There never issued aught but truth;

I have chosen rather to adopt the sentiment of *Sanadon*, who thinks that this is a second application to *Tiresias*, made by *Ulysses* after his return to *Itaca*. It is, indeed, of very little moment which of these opinions be followed: the satire itself is an inimitable piece of raillery—though some supercilious critics have taken upon them to affirm, that there is a want of delicacy and decorum in it.—Let the ingenious reader judge for himself.

N 2

You

You see how naked, and how poor,  
I land upon my native shore.

As you predicted, home I come,

'Tis true—but nothing's left at home :

And birth and virtue, without *cash*,

Are, ev'ry body knows, but *trash*.

Well, since you plainly signify

That you're afraid of poverty,

Take rules—by which, whoever pleases,

May soon become as rich as *CRESUS*.

When any friend makes you a present

Of ven'son, turtle, pig, or pheasant ;

Send it, with all the speed you can,

To some rich, gouty *Alderman*.



Cull from your hastings, hot-beds, trees,  
 Your earliest apples, melons, pease;  
 And let the old curmudgeon taste  
 Of ev'ry thing—before the priest!

Let him be all that's bad and base;  
 An upstart of ignoble race;  
 A perjurer, pilf'rer, parricide,  
 And twenty odious things beside:  
 Observe his nod—obey his call;  
 Attend him in the Park, or Mall;  
 And give him, with respect, the wall. }

What? Shall ULYSSES, like a slave,  
 Cringe thus to any low-born knave?  
 He, that could ne'er be brought to cow'r  
 Ev'n to ATRIDES' regal pow'r?

Then poverty & voluntary abstinence

Well, if it must—Why, let it come :

I'll try to bear it—and have bore  
Hardships, at least as great, before—  
But, jokes apart, do tell me, which is  
The readiest way of getting riches?

T I R E S I A S.

The road to riches, Sir, is plain;

I told you, and I tell again,

Use all your int'rest, art, and skill,

To get into an old man's will.

Nor must you of success despair,

Tho' one or two escape the snare;

For wily dogs among them are!

As



As soon's you have the intimation  
Of any public litigation, such as our ni and 9H  
Be sure to learn the parties names, noo! 2A  
Connections, qualities, and claims: till oT  
Then, hark ye what I'd have you do: 2A  
If one has worth—but children too, sv oT  
Despise himself. He, whose useless life  
Is dear to neither child nor wife, oT  
Tho' bad his cause, and worse his fame,  
He, he, my boy, 's your proper game!

“ Much honour'd Sir! (his nicer ear

“ A tickling tittle likes to hear)

“ Your spotless character has gain'd

“ My heart—and made me all your friend:

“ You've got, I'm told, a per'ous cause;

“ I know the quirks of all the laws;

“ Whoe'er

“ Whoe’er opposes you shall know a good SA

“ He has in me a dauntless foe. jildug yns 70

“ As soon may any rascal try nrsol ot 5701 38

“ To slit my nose, or burst my eye, 038nnoD

“ As of your *Worship* think to win ,noD’T

“ The value of a crooked pin! w and ano 71

“ No rogue, while I’m alive, shall turn q38A

“ An honest man, like you, to scorn.”

Bid him, at home, in sweet repose,

Give what to precious health he owes ;

Secure that you, with all your might,

Will guard his honour, and his right. A ”

Then, straight, with all your art endeavour

T’ obtain a sentence in his favour.

Whether



Whether the fultry Sirius glow,  
Or *winter wigs the hills with snow* \*,  
From court to court, incessant, run ;  
Apply, consult, solicit, dun ;  
Early or late, or foul or fair,  
Be constant still, and persevere.

“ D’ye see (says one, and tips his neighbour)  
“ With what attention, pains, and labour,  
“ U L Y S S E S serves his friend ? ” — You’re sure  
By this more gudgeons to allure.

But, lest it should be thought or said,  
That all your care and court are paid

\* In the Latin verse, that corresponds with this, Horace exposes the bombastic stile of a contemporary Poet. I have, luckily, found in one of our British Bards a line little inferior to the original, and almost of the very same cast.

To Bachelors alone—Be wife, in acts not words  
And follow what I now advise, *twice* }  
Your ends the better to disguise. *or* } *more* }

Mark out some fire, whose only son  
Has fifteen sickly summers run,  
And steal, as fast as e'er you can,  
Into the favour of the man:  
That, when he makes his will, you may  
Be *second actor* in the play.

Then, if young master chance to trip,  
Into the vacancy you slip.  
Try this experiment who chuses;  
It is a die that seldom loses.

If any fool should fondly proffer  
His will to read, refuse the offer.

But,



But, while you push the parchment by,  
Be sure to cast a fide-long eye  
On that important line, which lies  
Below, “ I give and I devise.”  
Learn if your name alone it bears,  
Or classes you with other heirs.

The practis'd fox ('tis fit you know)  
Will often gull the wiliest crow ;  
And L\* shall be expos'd to laughter  
By M\*, the husband of his daughter.

## ULYSSES.

M\*, L\*,—good prophet ! are you mad,  
Or full of your inspiring God,  
That thus you play upon my fancy  
With riddles of dark necromancy ?

O 2

TIRESIAS.

## TIRESIAS.

Son of LAERTES! ev'ry jot  
Of all I say—shall be or not \*!  
For wisdom's God grants me to pry  
Into the secrets of the sk'y.

## ULYSSES.

Then pray, if Heav'n permit, explain  
What myst'ries those dark words contain?

## TIRESIAS.

What time the best of British kings  
(I speak of very distant things)  
Shall, in the course of one campaign,  
Humble the pride of France and Spain,

\* There is an affected ambiguity in this line, expressive of the obscurity of the Oracle.

And



And force the chiefs of BOURBON'S race  
 To sue for an ignoble peace; To BOLDIN ART  
 L\*'s tawdry daughter shall be led  
 To M\*'s unhymeneal bed;  
 In hopes th' uxorious dotard may  
 His large estates to them convey.  
 But M\*, perceiving their intention,  
 Bethinks himself of this invention:  
 He makes his will, and brings the deed  
 To his dear *Father* L\* to read:  
 L\*, long reluctant, shall at last  
 His eyes upon the schedule cast;  
 And, to his great confusion, see——  
*Despair* is all his *legacy*!

One counsel more——If, as is common,  
 Some artful baggage of a woman

Rule

Rule the old fellow, let her be  
The subject of your eulogy;  
For, ten to one, the airy strumpet  
Shall, in return, your praises trumpet.

But still, as I already said,  
Your strongest batt'ry must be play'd  
Against the master—Does he chuse  
To scribble verse? Extol his Muse,  
Is he a wencher? Let him be  
Indulg'd with your PENELOPE,  
Unask'd.—

## ULYSSES.

Hold! hold! My *Penny's* ear  
Such lewd proposals would not hear;

*She,*  
2



She, whom not all the suitor-tribe—  
From virtue's sacred paths could bribe.

## T I R E S I A S.

Bribe her! Good Sir, they never try'd  
That pow'ful art to gain your bride.  
Examine, and you'll find 'tis true,  
They came to riot, not to woo.  
But let your spouse, so pure and chaste,  
Once of some gen'rous old man taste;  
She'll stick as closely to his side,  
As hungry cur to reeking hide!

Perhaps, you've heard a story told,  
Which happ'd at Thebes when I was old:  
A shrewd old matron clogg'd her will  
With this particular *Codicil*:

“ Order'd

“ Order’d—moreover—that my Heir

“ Upon his naked back shall bear

“ My naked corse, well drench’d in oil,

“ To the intended fun’ral pile!”

Meaning, if right I understand,

T’escape, when dead, his gripping hand!

Which while alive, with all her art,

She ne’er could compass—for her heart!

Your prey with caution, then, pursue;

And, while you keep it still in view,

Be neither rash to take your aim,

Nor lose, by backwardness, your game,

Be DAVUS in the play, and stand,

With head inclin’d, and hat in hand,

At some small distance—nor neglect

To mix attention with respect.

Beseech



Beseech him, if a storm invade,  
To cover well his *dear old head*;  
If crowded, as you walk along,  
Oppose your shoulders to the throng.  
Is he loquacious? Seem to hear  
His nonsense with an eager ear.  
He's fond of flattery? Let him have  
As much of it as he can crave.  
With empty puffs the bladder blow  
As far as its extent will go!

And when, at length, your better fate  
Shall free you from this servile state;  
And, broad awake, your ravish'd ear  
These comfortable words shall hear:—

“*Item*: Let good ULYSSES be  
“ My fourth co-equal legatee;”—

P

Conceal

Conceal your joy—and loudly roar,

“Is then my dearest friend no more?”

“Ah! never, never shall I find

“A soul so courteous and so kind!”

Then shed some tears—At least appear

To wipe away th’ unshedded tear;

And strive to hide, the best you can,

The transports of your inward man.

If, peradventure, to your care

It falls his fun’rals to prepare,

Be sure, whatever should be spent,

To make them look magnificent.

’Tis scarcely credible what praise

This pious act will, round you, raise.

Should some asthmatic old coheir

Like aught of your partic’lar share—

House,



SAT. V.

OF HORACE.

107

Houſe, garden, park—prevent his offer;  
And what he covets, kindly proffer  
At any price.—More I would tell;  
But the imperious Queen of Hell  
Compels me to withdraw.—Farewel! }

## BOOK II. SAT. VII.

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN DAVID AND HIS MASTER.

D A V I D.

**Y**OUR lectures, Sir, I often hear;  
And, were it not that bashful fear  
Keeps me in silence, I would fain  
My mind alternately explain.

M A S T E R.

What! Is it *David*?

D A V I D.

Yes, your servant;

And of his duty most observant:

Not



Not to be deem'd a child of death \*,  
More faithful *vales* near drew breath.

M A S T E R.

Well, David, since both you and I  
Live in a land of liberty,  
Speak out for once.

D A V I D.

Some men we view,

Who perseverantly pursue  
The tracks of vice; and never stray  
One moment from perdition's way.  
Others (perhaps their number's most)

Are by successive passions tost;

\* It was anciently, and is still a vulgar belief, that very good folks are not doomed to be long livers. David does not affect to be one of these. He is just good enough to live, but not to die yet.

And,

And, now, incline to vice; and, now,  
To virtue's sacred shrine they bow.

Thus, MONTAGUE would sometimes be  
A most determin'd debauchee;  
At other times, with deep regret,  
Become a perfect anchorite:  
To-day, blaspheming ev'n his Maker;  
To-morrow, a bigotted *Fakir*.

At London, drinking, dicing, wh—ing;  
At Rome, confessing and adoring.  
Doubtless, some inconsistent pow'r  
Presided at his natal hour.

NEPOS, again, we always find  
Stanchly to wickedness inclin'd.  
Ev'n when the gout, at Heav'n's command,  
Had seiz'd his all-deceitful hand;



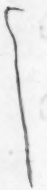
Tho' pain'd without, and pang'd within,  
The wretch would fill, by proxy, fin;  
And kept a man at stated price  
To palm the card, or cog the dice.  
Yet NEPOS, if I reason true,  
More happy was than MONTAGUE;  
Who, neither wholly good nor bad,  
In one extreme was always mad.

M A S T E R.

Rogue! wilt thou never make an end?  
To what does all this nonsense tend?

D A V I D.

At you, good Sir, it points—

M A S T E R. 

At me!

Say, villain! say how that can be?

D A V I D.

Pray, keep your temper, then.—You praise  
Our fathers plain and simple ways ;  
But should the Gods give you to chuse  
Their mode of life—you would refuse.  
Whether you don't believe, at all,  
*That to be best, which best you call ;*  
Or want the fortitude and grace  
The better portion to embrace ;  
Unable, with such weak desire,  
To pluck, from the tenacious mire,  
Your sticking foot.—In town, you cry,  
“ Come, let us to the country hie.”  
Scarce in the country we're set down,  
You long again to be in town.

If no inviting message come,  
And you're allow'd to dine at home,

5  
Lord !



Lord! what encomiums you can make  
On spinnage and a mutton steak!  
Who would not think that nought but force  
Could drag you from this frugal course?

But does your Patron's lackey knock:

"My Master, Sir, at four o'clock

"Expects to see you"—Straight you ring:

"Haste! haste! My best apparel bring;

"Clean band, clear buckles—and prepare

"Effence and powder for my hair:

"Ho! Is there none to answer there?"

You bawl—and soon as dressing's done,

Away, like any thief, you run:

While they who came with hopes to share

In your (for want of better) fare—

Your brother bards—(a hungry crew)

Pray many a heavy curse to you.

Q

"DAVID'S

“DAVID’S a glutton,” oft you cry,  
Nor I the grievous charge deny.  
Call him, moreover, if you please,

“A lazy dog that likes his ease;”

And add, to crown the pretty tale,  
“He dearly loves a pot of ale.”

But, what if *David’s* master be

As guilty ev’ry bit as he;

Although he better hides the blame,

By giving things a diff’rent name?

Nay—what if I should prove by rule

That *Master* is the greatest fool?—

For others wives—Nay, do not frown,

Nor threaten so, till I make known

What, late, I learn’d from Crispin’s *John*—

For



For others wives you basely burn \* :  
 A common girl does *David's* turn.  
 Which of us, think you (both brave fellows),  
 Deserves, in preference, the gallows?  
 I, when my passions run the highest,  
 Pick up the damsel that come's nighest;  
 And, tho' I sin, I sin (I swear)  
 Without or jealousy or fear.  
 But you, to perpetrate your crime,  
 Must change your habit, watch your time;  
 And, in a porter's vile disguise,  
 Dread, ev'ry moment, a surprize.  
 You hear the whip—You see the knife—

And tremble for your very life:

\* The Christian reader is desired to observe, that this is the reasoning of a graceless servant against a still more graceless master. I have endeavoured to modify the character without destroying it. *David* is, at least, a conscientious sinner.

While, in a chest, or 'neath a bed,  
Between your knees you squeeze your head—  
And (what is still a greater curse)  
You tremble for your *fame* or *purse*.  
Nay, worst—The object of your flame  
Is, may be, some capricious dame  
That only means, for sport, to tease you,  
Nor has the least intent to ease you.  
Yet, as if this were all a joke,  
You wittingly take on the yoke,  
And to a husband's provocation  
Trust person, purse, and reputation.

You 'scape?—Then, wiser, I suppose,  
Yourself again you'll not expose.  
Rash supposition!—Scarce you're free,  
A second slave you seek to be;

And



And wantonly again run o'er  
The very risks you ran before.  
Oh! Shame!—What beast of all the plain  
Returns to its once broken chain?

Perhaps, for arguing's sake, you'll plead  
You're no *adulter*, now—Indeed! build on  
Nor am I, Sir, a *thief*, when I  
Your silver plate pass wisely by.  
But, take the danger once away,  
Nature will soon resume her sway;  
And, like a furious horse, unrein'd,  
Within no limits be restrain'd.

Can you, with any justice, claim  
In my regard a *master's* name;  
When you must own yourself to be  
A greater slave, by far, than me?

Or

Or say—if one receives command,  
 Whether at first or second hand,  
 Is he not still a servant?—Then,  
 You are my fellow-slave, 'tis plain,  
 You rule and govern me, 'tis true;  
 But others rule and govern you;  
 Who blindly follow their desires,  
 Like puppet mov'd by springs and wires.

Who, then, is free? Thou prating elf!

The man, Sir, that commands himself;  
 Controls his passions, and contemns  
 Titles, tiaras, diadems;  
 Dreads neither poverty nor chains,  
 And ev'n in death unmov'd remains.



Like some smooth orb, he runs his course, and  
Unstopp'd by any adverse force ;  
And angry fortune vainly tries  
To storm his fortrefs—or surprize.

But, of this picture, tell me true,  
Is there a single trait in you ?

An artful wench, that knows her ninnies,  
Demands a purse of twenty guineas ;  
And 'cause you cannot give it straight,  
She kicks you out, and shuts her gate :  
May be, as you the threshold tread,  
She pours a basin on your head.

You run—when, in relenting strain,  
She smiles, and calls you back again ;  
And you return !—Fy, Master, fy !

The sad, the shameful noose untie.

Haste !

Haste! haste! and from the Syren flee,  
And say, “I will, I will be free.”

Alas! you struggle, but in vain!  
Some tyrant holds the fatal rein;  
And whips, and spurs, till you proceed,  
As we urge on the restiff steed.

When you on some old shelf espy  
A scrap of Gothic poetry;  
Or, in a stall, with dust o’erspread  
By chance perceive a *Titian’s* head:  
You gape—you gaze—you peep—you pry;  
And, if you can afford it, buy:  
Whereas, when I but stop to view  
The living scenes that *Hogarth* drew;  
Or loiter, as I march along,  
To hear some merry new-made song:

I am



I am “an idle knave!”—But you’re  
A “Critic,” “faith!” and “Connoisseur.”

DAVID’S a “villain,” if he take  
A liking to a dainty cake,  
Or venture on a broken pye  
He has been order’d to lay by.  
Your greater virtue, sure enough,  
Against such *little things* is proof;  
And rich and sumptuous meals, ’tis true,  
Have no resistless charms for you!

We’re both chastis’d—but not alike.  
You scold, you threaten—rarely strike:  
This is my easy doom.—But you  
More lasting punishments pursue:  
Head-achs, heart-burnings, indigestion  
Are trifles, here, and out of question.

R

But

But stone, sciatica, and gout,  
Are common scourges too—no doubt?

'Tis “petty theft,” if I but barter  
A napkin for a pot of porter:  
What name is fit for you, that waste  
Your whole estate to please your taste?

If, after all, you but enjoy'd—  
A single pleasure-hour uncloy'd?—  
But, wretched still, you seek to fly  
From your own tiresome company;  
And, now in wine, and now in sleep,  
Your killing cares you try to steep.  
In vain—The fiend, that haunts your breast,  
Torments, and never lets you rest!



M A S T E R.

Get me a stick—

D A V I D.

Pray, what to do?

M A S T E R.

Fetch me my sword—my pistols too.

D A V I D.

The man, most certainly, is mad,  
Or making verses!

M A S T E R.

Harkee! lad—

Fly hence, this moment—or, I vow,  
I'll fend you to the cart and plow.

T H E E N D.

18/105

SCAPOH OF .IV. TAS

WETSAM

Get me a sick—

DIVAD

Obotashw, Ystq

WETSAM

Letch me my woid ym—browl ym en dlatq

DIVAD

The man, ylnictes from, nam ent

Of making veries!



Wolq bus tres ent ot uoy bldn m

THE END



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a